

## SCOTT COUNTY KICKER.

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**ANNOUNCEMENT CARDS.**  
I am a candidate for the office of Prosecuting Attorney of Scott county subject to the Democratic primary.  
FRANK McRAE.  
I am a candidate for the office of Collector of Scott county subject to the Democratic primary.  
NORMAN L. ATWOOD.  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for Collector of the revenue of Scott county subject to the Democratic primary.  
C. H. HAYES.  
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for assessor, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.  
B. L. DYER.

**DOWN IN NEW MADRID.**  
I know that what I say must seem incredible to my readers, but I am only telling the story as it really is. You can call it "kicking" or what you please—it is fact.

We of Scott county imagine we have a pretty stiff political machine, but down in Mississippi and New Madrid counties they have machines that run on ball bearings—just as smooth and slick as you please.

Last week the county central committee of New Madrid met to fix methods and dates for the nomination of candidates. W. W. Waters, editor of the Southeast Missourian and chairman of the Democratic congressional committee, offered a resolution to submit the names of all candidates, from governor down, to the people in primary election.

Jim Conran, a gold bug, occupied the chair, but immediately took the floor and offered a substitute resolution to submit nothing to the people in primary except county and township candidates. This carried by a majority of 16 to 3, and Mr. Waters and Committee Lewis walked out of the meeting and allowed the machine to grind on.

And it ground on.  
A mass convention was called to meet at New Madrid on March 12 to select delegates to state and district conventions.

A MASS CONVENTION, mind you—a relic of barbarism, where only the court house politicians count. Then the gang went on and endorsed Albert O. Allen, Sam Cook, Judge Riley, Joe Russell, John E. Marshall and Ed—No, they said nothing about Ed Butler and the supreme court, but their endorsement is understood by the following slap at Joe Folk:

"Resolved, further: That we are opposed to the nomination of any man for governor who is not of the stalwart, partisan kind, and we repudiate the democracy of any man who arrogates to himself the privilege of striking from the ticket any candidate selected by the party."

Yep! That's it. Mr. Folk refused to support Jim Butler for congress in 1902, and now his democracy is "repudiated" by the men who put themselves up as the Democratic party of New Madrid county.

H. C. Riley, Jr., a son of Judge Riley, and W. H. Marshall, brother to Senator Marshall, are members of the committee and voted as above stated.

Now they'll call Billy Waters a "bolter." Somehow, the KICKER likes what the gang calls a "bolter," and wouldn't mind if Billy Waters permitted the use of his name as a candidate for state senator.

**THE PARTY TICKET.**  
"The party can be depended on to put out a good ticket, and of course, Secretary Sam B. Cook and Auditor Albert O. Allen will be on it."—Ring Organ.

Is this the same Albert O. Allen that has grown gray while feeding at the public crib at Jefferson City?

Is this the same Sam Cook that admitted having lobbied the "horse-breeder" bill through the legislature, for which Gov. Stephens said he was to receive \$5,000?

Is this the same Sam Cook who, as chairman of the state committee, falsified the books so as to "hide the shells" and make the contributions of corporation representatives appear as if given by himself and others—and then made affidavit that the books were correct?

Is this the same Sam Cook who, in the Cardwell case, admitted that he was a professional grafter and lobbyist and who, later, admitted his presence as a "mutual friend" and witnessed the bribery transaction between Dick Speed and Senator Lyons?

Is this the same man whose picture appears in all the organs that got the constitutional amendments in 1902 and hope to be "selected" this fall?

Say, Mr. Ring Organ, is this the chap?

Although the citizens of Morley were treated to a drunken brawl one night the week before last, and many shots were fired, the organ made no mention of it. Evidently one of its saloon friends must have renewed his subscription for three months.

Ten thousand women met in St. Louis last week and prayed that the saloons be closed on Sundays. But it is not likely that the prayer will have any effect on the Dockery-Selbert-Hawes-Butler police force.

## HE WANTS TO KNOW.

The Pen Ridge correspondent wants to know why it is that a committee man will talk primary between meetings and then submit to a convention at meetings.

To give a specific reason may be difficult, but the general reason is not so hard. In the first place, people are often careless about the selection of committeemen, while the men who deal in politics are active. There has never been a time within my recollection that the courthouse crowd did not control a majority of the county committee and dictate its chairman. Aside from the Collector, Assessor and Recorder, there is not a county office that requires as much as four months of any competent man's time to fill. During the remaining eight months of the year, the officeholders and the lawyers have nothing to do but plan politics and figure out how to continue themselves in office and power.

When your committeeman reaches town, his head may be full of primary, but he hears all the "leading citizens" talk favorably of a convention. If your committeeman appears a little stubborn, some one of the "honorable" takes him down to the saloon and throws a few drinks into him. (I got several pretty fresh second-hand drinks on Thursday of last week.) Then your committeeman is taken to the hotel for dinner. (The Senator paid for a bunch of dinners that day.)

At dinner your committeeman meets quite a number of well-dressed business men, who discuss matters and volunteer a great deal of information and try to make a favorable impression—something on the order of the confidence man. Your committeeman does not know that they are "rooters."

After dinner your committeeman is given a cigar and, if necessary, a few more drinks, and is permitted to hobnob with the "influentials." As a rule, he is brought around "right," and when a majority get right, then the chairman calls the meeting to order and things are ground out according to a previously arranged program—and often committeemen do not know what has happened until after all is over.

## AS TO CONGRESS.

I further like that fellow, Douglass, down in Dunklin county, who is running for a seat in Congress against terrible odds. Down at Caruthersville last week he and Joe Russell met to lay their claims before the people.

Russell started off with the usual language about how he had always stuck to the party, and what the party had done for the people, and, of course, was freely applauded by the professional rooters who may always be found about a county seat.

Douglass followed Russell, and seemed to capture the crowd with his honesty and candor. Among other things he said: "This district will pay some man \$5,000 a year during the next two years to go to Washington and send out garden seeds. I am an applicant for the job."

In this Mr. Douglass told the exact truth. And the KICKER believes he will use proper precautions in selecting a private secretary to address the packages.

He is young—give him a chance. Russell has been feeding at the public crib for twenty-five years.

## THE CORRECT IDEA.

In county affairs we want to see both parties put up tickets of good, honorable, sober men, men with clean records as citizens and who have stood on the right side of moral questions that have been before our people. Each party puts out a ticket of these kind of men we will have good officials, regardless of which side wins.—Greenville Sun.

That is the correct idea. A competent Republican can fill a county office just as well as a competent Democrat. And an incompetent Democrat can make as much of a mess of a public office as an incompetent Republican.

It is far better for taxpayers when the offices are divided between the parties. Then one watches the other—and both do their best.

In Scott county the same set has been running things for thirty years and there is such complete harmony at the courthouse that the taxpayers are not permitted to know what goes on behind the curtains.

However, once in a while they get careless and neglect to hide a shell—which the KICKER gets hold of and holds up to public view.

Peter Schoen laughed at the editor when arrested for building a fence where a fence had stood for fifty years, and in line with other fences. Now the editor laughs at Pete for having to pay a fine for doing at New Hamburg what in Benton attracts no attention. But Pete has been saying things about the "party" of late and needed a jacking up. On that very Thursday night after Pete was fined, a drunken carousal, in which from twenty to thirty shots were fired, took place at Morley. No arrests! The participants were all good Democrats, loyal to the party.

The KICKER's opinions do not bear the stamp of the dollar mark.

## GUESSED IT EXACTLY.

The State central committee would not listen to a State primary proposition. Are they afraid to trust the rank and file of the Democratic voters in the selection of candidates, but willing to trust them to "vote or straight" in November?—Fredericktown Tribune.

That's the time you guessed it exactly. Not only did the State committee deny the people the right to a State primary, but went further and beyond the law in denying representation by legislative district.

So that this may be better understood, let me explain. In Jackson county (Kansas City), Buchanan county (St. Joseph), and other counties that have large cities controlled by the State ring, each has several representatives in the legislature. Each representative represents a legislative district, and some of these legislative districts are in the country.

While the machine-ridden cities will select delegates favorable to the gang, the country districts are for Mr. Folk. In order to nullify the will of the country people in these counties, the State committee adopted the unit rule, which means that the city chaps will be permitted to say how their country cousins shall vote—and this, too, in direct violation of all precedent, and the law.

Congressman Vandiver pleaded for a primary—and he got the gag rule. Oh, it's a great machine we have in Missouri!

## CAPE COUNTY FOR FOLK.

The Democratic Central Committee of Cape county met Monday and endorsed Mr. Folk's candidacy for Governor. A primary was ordered for April 30 to instruct for State and district candidates and nominate county candidates. An amendment to the primary resolution was vigorously urged but was defeated and the resolution adopted by acclamation. Senator Oliver was endorsed as delegate at large to the National convention.

While Jim Conran, H. C. Riley, Jr., W. H. Marshall and other members of the New Madrid county committee were repudiating "the Democracy of any man who arrogates to himself the privilege of striking from the ticket any candidate selected by the party," they should have inforced the loyalty to the party of Long John Dolan, who, although sentenced to the penitentiary for five years, still holds his job as chairman of the Democratic Central Committee of St. Louis. Long John's loyalty to the party is of the kind that counts. He manufactured American citizens out of raw foreigners, and had them vote straight.

Even the organ admits that things are looking up in Benton since the saloon opened, and tells of the many improvements that will "probably" take place. In fact there is something doing all the time. Saturday a good Democrat filled up, went home and proceeded to imagine himself a Butler Indian, with the result that his wife swatted him across the face with a fire shovel.

The reason that the Scott county machine has been slow to trot out some of its candidates is now clear. Senator Marshall has them up his sleeve, and will not shake them out until he has nailed down his own nomination in the county. If he should get slipped up on, he might keep his candidates up his sleeve.

**A Plea from Mr. Douglass.**  
South, Mo., Feb. 22, 1904.  
Editor Kicker, Benton, Mo.

Dear Sir: I see that Scott county committee has called convention for March 10, and I desire to ask the committee through your paper to reconsider this call as to congressional parties, as Howell and New Madrid counties hold on March 12. I am sure the committee did not know these dates or it would not have set convention for March 10. This date will not give congressional candidates an opportunity to get in your county.

I believe it the will of the voters of Scott county that all candidates have an equal show, and this date will work a disadvantage to the new man.

I respectfully ask that the voters of Scott county urge their committee to reconsider congressional matter, and either put in county primary or fix convention at a date that will be fair to all. Equal rights to all and special privileges to none is Democracy. How can that maxim be defended in the face of this action? No man should be afraid of the voice of the people. Very truly yours,  
W. H. DOUGLASS.

## Wants Primary Elections.

"Democracy means the rule of the people, and an honest expression of the popular will must be demanded."—W. J. Bryan.

Is there a Democrat in this county who does not endorse the above words from Mr. Bryan? "Democracy means the rule of the people." The Declaration of Independence was based on that principle. The Constitution is founded upon it. The Revolutionary War was fought over it. Thomas Jefferson, the father of the Democratic party, and his colleagues contended for it against Hamilton and the other advocates of a centralized aristocracy. Lincoln supported it.—Jackson Cash-Book.

Keep saying it over to yourself, Mr. Farmer—Tuesday, March 8!

## INTERESTING INFORMATION.

"J. V. Conran will not be a candidate for state senator this time. This decision was arrived at at the state convention in St. Louis last week."—Dexter Messenger.

So-o-o-o-o? Then it's them fellows up in St. Louis that picks our candidates for us? That explains why their names need not be submitted to the people in primary election.

## "The Drill Is Lost"—And Other Verses.

By Jos. H. FAIRFIELD.  
Oh, ye who hustle, dig and toil  
(For whom we do not care a cuss)  
Ye men who rattle with the soil,  
Come mourn with us.

To you we look, ye farmer men,  
For ye must bear the greatest cost.  
Give us what comfort that ye can—  
The drill is lost.

Three months ago the hand of fate  
Dealt out to us some rotten luck,  
The drill went to the bottom straight  
And there it stuck.

Oh, Lord, but we have had a time  
In fishing for that pesky drill,  
And to make the matter quite sublime  
We're fishing still.

We thought it quite a joke at first,  
We joked a deal and felt quite gay;  
We thought we'd have it out at worst  
About next day.

Too soon, alas, our fun was o'er,  
The joke soon proved to be a frost.  
We don't feel happy any more—  
The drill is lost.

The only thing that gives us hope  
And spurs us on to reach the goal  
Is that, tho' we've lost drill and rope,  
We've got the hole.

But even then we feel quite sad—  
This thing is getting hard to bear;  
We all may soon go hoppy mad  
Or on a "tare."

Come mourn with us—or, better still,  
Let's drink a health to Jacob's well  
And let the blunder-bell old drill  
Go plunk to hell.

## THE GOVERNORSHIP.

HAVE the boys a-goin' ter vote  
Over this for state?  
Better keep the riot act  
An' keep 'em votin' straight.

FOLK will keep a-hammerin'  
Till righteousness has won—  
Keep the boys a-votin' straight  
An' it GASTT be done.

## KATIE HAS THE MUMPS.

(With apologies to all afflicted with this rather disagreeable ailment.)

You mustn't make that horrid noise,  
Put up those chairs, you chumps!  
This is no time for frolic, boys,  
Poor Katy's got the mumps.

Her face has grown to quite a size—  
Seems half a block around,  
And she used to have a pair of eyes,  
But now they can't be found.

In fact, the fix that she is in  
Would make the angels weep  
So boys, hush up that awful din—  
The poor girl wants to sleep.

No grinning, now; perhaps some day  
When you are in the dumps  
You'll wish you hadn't been so gay  
When Katy had the mumps.

## THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

"Oh, where shall I find the Fountain of Youth?"  
A world-worn wanderer cries.  
"That I may drink of its waters and find  
That youth that never dies!"

The Fountain of Youth? There is but one.  
And that within reach of all.  
'Tis as free to the dweller in humble cot  
As to be of the lordly hall.

'Twas placed by the giver of all good things  
In the reach of all mankind,  
And all who seek this Fountain of Youth  
With earnestness shall find.

'Tis a sunny heart and a sunny smile,  
And a mind that's clear and broad,  
A life that's honest and free from guile  
And an earnest faith in God.

## THE TRUST EVIL.

Lent my money to a trust,  
Thought it just as just as just.  
Now I'm knowing on a trust,  
Cust old trust has gone a bust.

Hope my dollars turn to dust,  
Hope my inner workin's rust,  
Hope I be forever rust,  
If I trust another trust.

## FROM PEA RIDGE.

Believing that the Kicker stands for and advocates the best interests of the masses, we would like to submit a few questions which you may or may not be able to answer. In the first place what makes a member of the county committee, even from a backwoods district, say he is in favor of nominating candidates for office from governor down to constable by primary, and then when the committee meets be ready to turn over the most important nominations to a set of politicians that he knows are against everything that would benefit or in any way help the class of people to which he belongs? Yet, after this has been done, why don't the voters of the different voting precincts at once organize, and when the day set for the convention rolls around, go and carry the convention for the man of their choice?

Why is it not as easy for us if we will take hold and control a convention, as it is to let the politicians carry it? Why is it that we all talk the matter over beforehand and agree what it is our duty to do, and then, when the time comes for action, stay at home and say there is no use to try and that they will get it their own way anyhow? Why in the Sam Hill haven't we so-called free American people got any more confidence in ourselves than this? Why in the name of Norway and Sweden will a county court pay seven dollars a foot to have a hole dug in memory of Father Jacob when our county roads are full of holes that ought to be filled, and could be for less than seven cents a foot? Last, but not least, why are all candidates for office, excepting one, so afraid of fighting Folk? They don't seem to be trying to knife each other.

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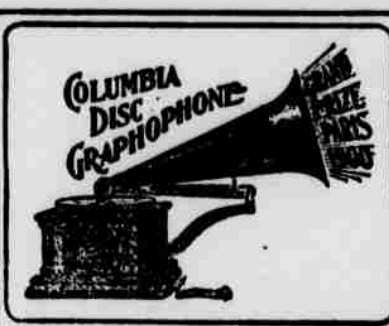
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## A New Name For It.

The Southeast Missourian, speaking of Albert O. Allen for nomination to the office he now holds, says that he stands out in distinct relief—says your name is popular.

I guess that's what was the matter with his eminent Corporosity a few weeks ago when he was trying to climb a stairway leading up from the lobby of the Laclede hotel, but what misled me was the fact that so many people said it was just a plain drunk.—Bloomfield Courier.

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